Linx Brittannicus,

OR

CONTEMPLATIONS

upon the present condition of the KINGDOME.

THe twofold object seasonable for our speculation, is a noble King happy in his true miseries, and an insulting convention miserable in their seeming happinesse. The first having from his Princely essence, Nobleneſſe enough to create fortitude; The latter from their ambitious attempts, Uncertainty of event the Parent of Doubt and Feare.

Should the intention of the ſecond move to the ruine of the firſt, their owne miſcheife would halt, till their intention gave it feete to overtake themſelves. Pollicy and Allegiance make a happy Prince in a diſcreete Subject, but a people that mixe POLLICY and Diſobedience, make an unhappy Kingdom.

Obedience is implicite wiſdom, but ill-guided Pollicy excludes Chriſtianity, without which all ſecurity is counterfeit.

London hath long wreſtled like IACOB with Weſtminſter, and got nothing but lamenes; I doubt the Angell will not conferre a bleſſing, ſome of them are tyr'd enough with the ſleepy Patriarch to lye down and dreame of a ladder while their Angels fly up and down, and their PILLOW of peace will prove to their conſiderate ſence a ſtone.

If the Scots take the cure in hand, one poyſon may expell another; ſomething muſt ſucceede to cure the Remedy, elſe the

the miſt that makes Independency vaniſh may make us wander, He that Drownes or Hangs meetes Death in the ſame Center. HENRY the eigth confind Rome: leaving Rome for Herreſies no leſſe dangerous.

True virtue is irrelative to either extreame, and there is hope the Houſe may ſtand when two contraries winds ſtrive to overthrow it. The Independent cedes to the Presbiterian, and while he ſeemes to give ground, deſtroyes his purſuer; thus a flying Scythian ſhootes backward, the Presbiterian thinks himſelf Maſter of the Field while his ſecure breaſt receives the unexpected Arrow. When both are either fled or dead, the Kingdome will be without an Army.

The noble King (of a molehill, though Maſter of a heart vaſt like Pelion upon eſſa) like the king of true Beaſts entangled in the toyle by ſome improvidence, ſcorns to fill the eares of the world with com-

plaints and roarings; but with a Majesty repining to begg even liberty it sel e, expects with silence the event of his Bondage; Thus Cesar threw his garment over his face and dyed perpetuall Dictator.

See what an undestur bd mildnesse his countenance and actions expresse, as if this Eagle were a Dove and had no gall; the mischeife is more then single which thunders upon his soule, the injuries of a dear Wife and a loud Issue come to Crown his patience, a shock worthy the resistance of so confirmd a Prince, Their owne eyes who have been Instruments in this, must pay due tribute to so sad a Contemplation, and weepe that only this way is left them to their supposed safety.

What are his sufferings? such as would make death in all its horrour to be courted by a carnall apprehention. Dejected Iob in the depth of m sery had triple comfort, and though he chose the Dunghill for a re-

repoſe was unconfind. Heere tis treaſon for the ſonne to begg the Fathers bleſſing; too much liberty for the Father to be ſhut up from the ſight of his children, and utterly impoſſible for the counſell of friends to reach his eares; who being in himſelf ſo admirable a preſident, if to them the prime object and motive of imitation and parſeverance.

Let us diſſect and Anatomize the Parliament, whoſe outſide promiſe the Reformation of Church and Weale. The faire one had ſome ſpots in her Face, to cleanſe thoſe in a Laver of bloud, we have clouded the glory of her countinance: this purification begun at Canterbury, and to do well muſt end at White-Hall, the ill that they have done cannot be ſafe &c. like cunning ſtate-fencers threatning to ſtrike off petty abuſe at the foote of the Common-wealth, they falſifie and have a care of the head. The deſigne is not yet ripe for action, the ſquinting communalty ſees

ſomthing.

ſomething, and a Northern plea puts in a Demur, the affections of the Subject muſt be ſounded indirectly, firſt remove his throne out of the peoples hearts, and then one man may do the reſt, ſomething effectual has been long expected in that reſpect, and now tis come from Rochel a fine Kickſhau.

The King would not give way to the reliefe of Rochel, and their own King reduc't them to due obedience, Dangerous and Exemplary this relates to themſelves.

The next Objection has the ſame reference, they muſt pretend ſomething monſtrous enough, to buſie the eyes of the World, that their own intended miſchiefs may be the leſſe inquired into: the Kid muſt be ſeethed in the Dams milke, the Father dy'd to leave the Son a Kingdome, the Son muſt not be a King, becauſe the Father's dead, *Quis niſi Phalaris*, who but ſuch an Artificer could have in-

vented

vented ſuch an Engine, Here Machiavel do homage: Did the King conſent to violate his Fathers Age: he is as fat above their queſtion, as they are beneath their own juſtification, who like impious ſons would doe no leſſe to the father of their Kingdome, the meaneſt of their allegation wants no other confirmation. If the traine take fire, and blow up the King, power, and perſon, Look upon the ſeries of his progeny, and this is no ſecurity to the Machinators, but the Sun in ſtead of ſhining with ſerenitie upon the Kingdome, wil become a blazing Comet, thretning fire and ſword.

I hope the better, and believe, that the wiſeſt of them, like expert Generals, keepe their ground, til their Cariages are marcht off, ſome pretty Voters that pin their reſolves upon unpremeditated event have not the diſcretion eyther to perceive their own danger, or the conveyances of their wiſer followers.

When

When Souldiers turn Lawyers rapine will prove right; when Lawyers and Souldiers are thus confounded, MAGNA CHARTA shall be a Colour displayd at the Commmand of FAIRFAX and CROMWEL. Miserable is their condition whose safety only liues in the opinion of a hir'd-Army, especially when themselves so loath to pay the Hire of their own security

If the King may be kept mew'd up, the Army fool'd, and the Scots blandisht, till the Houses are finisht at Amsterdam, and the designes Angels flown to rest on the Banck beyond the water, then all that can will slip, to scape the collar.

FINIS.